THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——*VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,*
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

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By education we are much misled,
We so believe because we so were bred. POPE.

ESSAY ON FLATTERY; OR, THE HISTORY OF MR. TICKLE.

(concluded from last number)

MY master's flattery succeeded so well, that I was confirmed in the principle which I had been led into by my aunt and nurse, &c. I therefore resolved to try my skill among my school-fellows—I soon found my schemes succeed to admiration; but then I was obliged to use a great deal of address in conducting them: My way was, to discover their ruling passions and inclinations—I never commended the surly boy for good-nature, but I commended him for that which he took pride in, his *gravity* and *austerity*—I never praised the idle fellow for his diligence and learning, no, these he despised, but I praised him for his vivacity and gaiety:—In a word, I always *tickled* the place which was most *ticklish*—Wherever I found vanity, I fed her plenteously—Each individual looked upon me as his particular friend—Indeed, I had endeavoured by my flatteries to make him look upon me as such—Consequently in all disputes, both parties readily consented to refer the points in controversy to my arbitration, each imagining I had a particular biass to himself: Thus I enjoyed a superiority over all my fellows, which gratified my pride not a little—I was beloved and caressed by all—No tales were told of me.—I must own that I learned a great deal of wisdom at school; not from my book; there, to my shame be it spoken, I was a dunce.—My wisdom was not the wisdom of the speculative philosopher, but that of the worldly-wise man.

I always considered a school as the copy of the world—All the vices and follies of the great original are there painted in

miniature—Though the picture is small, the characters are drawn to the life—I was now at the eve of launching into the great ocean of the world; and I pleased myself with the thoughts of being possessed of a secret that would steer my little bark clear of every rock.—I had been told from my cradle that I should be a soldier; escaped from school, I thought the happy time was at length arrived—How transported was I with the thoughts of wearing a sword and a red coat—But besides these, I had more substantial allurements—I thought the military profession would open to me the most ample field for the exertion of that genius for adventure which I perceived within me—In the midst of my anticipated bliss, O grief of griefs! my father bound me apprentice to a tradesman. After some time, however, I acquiesced in my condition—But how fallen was I! all the schemes which I had formed for the conduct of my life, and even my golden art of tickling, now seemed to vanish—I had nothing now to do, I imagined, but plod behind the counter—I found myself wrong in these reflections—Flattery was grown natural to me, and nature will not be entirely stifled—Our customers consisted chiefly of females—this circumstance gave me some hope—Downright flattery from one in my station, I knew would favour too much of familiarity; I was, therefore, obliged to act with great circumspection—While I was handing down a drawer or a box, I used to observe in a faultering tone of voice "That such a pattern, or such a colour would be very pretty for a lady who wanted to set off a bad skin—but you, madam, are—How do you like this, ma'am?"—This never failed; the lady was tickled, turned towards the glass, adjusted her cap, stuck a pin, and bought the pattern on the strength of my recommendation. By such methods, I fixed fugitive customers, pleased constant ones, increased my master's trade, and did no harm to any body.

Seven years passed away in this manner—I forbear to relate every particular of my history during that space of time, as there would be very little variety in the relation—suffice it to say, that the *old tricks* never failed—just after the expiration of my apprenticeship, my aunt Deborah died, and left me a very pretty legacy, sufficient to set me up in trade—thanks to my divine art!—I had almost forgot to tell you, she died an old maid, notwithstanding her *pretty nose* and *white hands*.

I took a shop and furnished it—one piece of furniture was still wanting, without which, as the saying is, one is never

rightly settled—in truth, I wanted a wife; and a wife I was resolved to have—In my amours, I must confess that I offered up incense to the shrine of Plutus as well as that of Cupid.—After some time, I got scent of a good wealthy widow—she was somewhat advanced in life—As for the lady's person, that was her least recommendation—However, I perceived, after a very slight acquaintance with her, that she was one of those who did not give a most implicit credit to looking-glasses. I knew how to proceed accordingly—I swore that her eyes were irresistible—that her cheeks were more blooming than the rose—I swore—but to avoid prolixity, after a short courtship I won the lady and ten thousand pounds—I lived happily in my new state;—but cruel fate denies a long continuance of bliss—My wife died—Peace to her shade! I am married again, and to this day enjoy the company of my dear partner. I won my present deary's heart by praising her eyes—the conquest cost me my sincerity—but let that be a secret.

I pass over a million of adventures, in which I exerted my adulatory talent with success; to hasten to the last, and to me the most interesting: In the course of my trade I scraped an acquaintance with an old square-toes, who was one of those rich men who accumulate immense sums, nobody knows how; I resolved to sound the breast of this new friend—there was no need of searching deep to discover that avarice had long swallowed up every other vice, passion and appetite. This discovery gave me my cue—I raked up all the remarks which I had heard, in sermons and in conversations with my brother tradesmen, on the subject of frugality and temperance; on these I declaimed on every occasion—I talked of the exorbitant price of every necessary of life, and complained of the luxury and extravagance of the age. One day as I was running on at this rate, he got up from his chair, and with a vehemence not common to men of that frigid disposition which it is necessary to have, in order to be a miser, slapped me on the shoulders and swore "I was the honestest, prudentest, sensiblest fellow he ever met with."—In a few weeks the old hunks died, and bequeathed his fortune to me.

Thus, Sir, I have acquired an ample fortune—thus I have passed my life free from those animosities which an envious and contentious disposition never fails to foment—thus I have gained the love and esteem of all I knew—My art of *tickling* has made *me* happy, and, I flatter myself, it has made *others* so, I have increased the happiness of all who have fallen within

the circle of my acquaintance, by gratifying their vanity, wherever I was able; I have thrown an ingredient into the bitter cup of life, which never fails to sweeten it, namely, *self-applause*—Yet, I confess, I have often done this at the expence of truth—I confess—confession is a sign of repentance, and repentance claims forgiveness—Being now above dependance, to expiate my crime, I have taken the resolution to give the tribute of praise only where it is due. Your's, TICKLE.

ORIGINAL.

THE EYE-LASH.—No. IV.

——— *Quid rides? Mutato nomine, de te*
Fabula narratur. HOR.

And why this simple tale so careless view?
The name being changed, the story's told of you.

MRS. H. heard the discourse of her husband with a consciousness of its application, nor was its effect lost upon her: He saw the impressions which it had made, and retired, lest other conversation might tend to obliterate what had been said. When left alone, reflection summoned her to its convincing tribunal. Why, said she, am I so far forgetful of myself that I forsake the substance of happiness for its shadow—where is my accustomed resolution—shall those trifling engagements be adhered to when they must be attended with an infringement of the most sacred covenant which can be entered into? Mr. H. sees and laments my error—he does not tell me that as a wife I am undutiful, but he plainly demonstrates that my actions are inconsistent with such duty; reformation is essential. I may indeed be subject to the sneers of my old companions, but then I shall be the object of their envy; their esteem may be lost, but the respect of the wise and worthy will be my portion—why do I hesitate in making the sacrifice? it is necessary; and no further delay shall prevent it. Stimulated by such considerations, Mrs. H. mistrusting her firmness, sent immediately a note declining the invitation.

When Betty attended at the usual hour to assist at the toilette, she was told that her services would not be wanted: Betty had long had forebodings of this event, but now reconciled herself to it by the consolation that if Mrs. H. did become domestic, there were many superfluous dresses which

would of course devolve on herself. When Mr. H. returned and received from his wife a confession of her errors, his emotions were such as an important and unexpected change would produce, and if his affection for her was before ardent, it now had no bounds, and her's for him rose to an equal excess.

Now reader, you have had before you a simple, but I hope not an useless tale; I have not drawn you through the labyrinths of a novel, or the fictions of a romance, but presented such incidents as happen every day. It is intended as a lesson for husbands as well as wives: I agree with you, that the story would have been more entertaining, if the dispute had been exaggerated into a quarrel, and the articles of separation actually drawn out; if the husband had proved tyrannical and the wife intractable, and at last, some improbable and surprising occurrence rendered them happy. But clothed in the plain garb of truth, and divested of improbabilities, I have endeavoured to paint nature in its true colours.

Marriage is undoubtedly one of the first concerns in life, its importance is so great, that on it depends happiness or misery; in such an hazardous step the greatest caution is requisite. I have met with some excellent rules necessary to be observed in such cases, and shall transcribe them, as they are applicable to the subject.

"Art thou a young man seeking a partner for life? Be not in haste to marry, and let thy choice be directed by wisdom. Is a woman devoted to dress and amusement? Is she delighted with her own praise, or an admirer of her own beauty? If her feet abide not at home, and her eyes rove with boldness on the faces of men, turn thy feet from her, and suffer not thy heart to be ensnared by thy fancy.

"But when thou findest sensibility of heart joined with softness of manners; an accomplished mind, and religion united with sweetness of temper, modest deportment and a love of domestic life, such is the woman who will divide the sorrows and double the joys of thy life. Take her to thyself; she is worthy to be thy nearest friend, thy companion, the wife of thy bosom.

"Art thou a young woman, careful of thy future destiny? Be cautious in listening to the addresses of men: Art thou pleased with smiles and flattering words? Remember that man often smiles and flatters most when he would betray thee.

"Listen to no soft persuasion till a long acquaintance, and a steady and respectful conduct have given thee proof of the

pure attachment and honourable views of thy lover. Is thy suitor addicted to love vice? is he profane? is he a gambler? a trifler? a spendthrift? a haunter of taverns? has he lived in idleness and pleasure? has he acquired a contempt for thy sex in vile company? and above all, is he a scoffer at religion? Banish such a man from thy presence; his heart is false, and his hand would lead thee to wretchedness and ruin.

"Art thou a husband? Treat thy wife with tenderness and respect; reprove her faults with gentleness; be faithful to her in love; give up thy heart to her in confidence, and alleviate her cares.

"Art thou a wife? Respect thy husband; oppose him not unreasonably, but yield thy will to his, and thou shalt be blessed with peace and concord; study to make him respectable; as well for thine own sake as for his, hide his faults; be constant in thy love and devote thy time to the care and education of the dear pledges of thy love." G.

P. S. I have received the communications of TIMON, and GRUMBLER, and shall shortly give them a place in my numbers. The correspondence of my female friend HORATIA will meet with the same attention. G.

ORIGINAL.

THE EXPATIATOR.—No. IV.

——And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth. JOHNSON.

THE evening after the publication of my last number, I happened to fall in company with a number of persons of different acquirements and pursuits; when I entered the room, I understood the subject under consideration was the *Expatiator*; their remarks were copious, and, as I thought, somewhat illiberal: My appearance not being noticed by these sarcastic reviewers, their amusement was not remitted—I must acknowledge, said *Sam Scribble*, that he has something solid in his essays, but nothing new, for we have read the like ever since the days of SOLOMON, and I can see no necessity for continually pestering us with lectures on morality; were I disposed to be grave, I could easily write such.—Aye, resumed *Jack Jovial*, we have grown wise by experience, and have no need to study such dry stuff; we are now capable of thinking for ourselves, and were I to expatiate, I would merit more applause for a single number than he will gain by his whole

series, however far he may extend it.—Yes, rejoined *Hector Sensitive*, and so would I, for I would write feelingly on subjects congenial to the refinement of the age; and could I prevail on the *Expatiator* to publish for me, his labours should be lightened and his numbers rendered more generally interesting.

A young man, to whom I was known as the author, sat near them, and heard with attention their discourse, without expressing his opinion, but taking advantage of an interval of their conversation, asked them if they really believed they could so write as to merit general approbation?—In the true spirit of self-sufficiency they unanimously answered in the affirmative; upon which he told them he had no doubt but their productions would receive proper attention from the *Expatiator*, and to remove every uncertainty, continued he, permit me to introduce him to your acquaintance, which he did without further ceremony: They seemed a little disconcerted on account of their having been so diffuse respecting my essays in my presence; however, the usual compliments were exchanged, a slight apology offered on their part and pleasantly received by me, a free conversation then ensued, the result of which was their individual engagements to furnish me with their compositions for the ensuing Thursday, which I promised should not be treated with indifference. The remainder of the evening passed off in good humour till we separated.

Thus the matter rested till last evening, when, not having heard from these literary gentry, I was induced to notify them of my expectations, reminding them of their promises, and received in return answers to the following purport:—*Sam*, after having scribbled over near a dozen sheets of paper, on examining his lucubrations could not comprehend his own ideas, and had therefore consigned his essay to the devouring element, with a resolution to try again. *Jack*, in pursuit of a subject, had unfortunately fell into a debauch, which had so disorganized his intellectual powers as to render him unqualified to enter the field of literature till the fumes of a large quantity of wine which he had inconsiderately drank evaporated. *Hector*, as ill luck would have it, was engaged in a quarrel with a particular friend, and politeness rendered it indispensably necessary that no concern whatever should interfere with his obligation to shoot the gentleman, or obtrude upon the gentleman's priviiege of testing his honour by doing the like favour for himself.

Thus circumstanced, I resolved to sit down and continue to write as usual, when opportunely to relieve me from the necessity of presenting to my readers a hasty production of my own, I received the following communication from the young man by whom I was introduced to the gentlemen before mentioned, and I now give it as a substitute for the favours promised by them.— O.

TO THE EXPATIATOR.

SIR,

On perusing your last number, I felt a pleasing satisfaction, and my bosom glowed with a desire to imitate a character, the outlines of which you have sketched: The more I reflected, the more was I convinced, that to be happy it was essential to be virtuous; the subject was by no means painful, but as I wished to relax my mind from too intense thinking, I opened a large desk, the depository of the archives of our family, which by the bye is very ancient, in search of something fanciful; from thence I took a bundle of old manuscripts, written by my great grandfather, and proceeded to examine them, when, agreeably to my feelings, the following story arrested my particular attention.—

TRUTH.....AN ALLEGORY.

At an early period of time subsequent to the creation, in a certain part of the earth which it is unnecessary minutely to describe, lived in a state of purity, a being denominated *Truth*, who, together with *Virtue*, her inseparable companion and prime minister, derived her existence immediately from Heaven. As her origin entitled her to the love of all men, so her dominion extended over the whole world. But as human nature has something in it aspiring to superiority, *Truth*, tho' her dignified deportment and the benign manner in which she dispensed her favours, commanded respect and caused her to be acknowledged queen of the world, was not the universal favourite: A few restless spirits, instigated by *Pride*, whose origin could never be traced to an honourable source, combined to wrest from her the reins of government; this it was impossible to accomplish by ordinary means, some device was necessary to allure the minds and captivate the affections of men, so as to incite them to act a treacherous part; for so forcible were the precepts of *Virtue*, so equitable the requisitions and so extensive the influence of *Truth*, that

under no pretence whatever could any be justified in disputing her claim to their obedience.

Pride however, ever fruitful in expedients, having known the consequences of open rebellion against divine power, as exemplified in the fall of angels, leagued with *Avarice* to aid him in producing the defection of man from the government of *Truth*. The brilliant prospects *Avarice* presented to view together with his flattering promises, had, with many, the desired effect: Yet the power of *Truth* was so great, that it proved fatal to those who had the temerity openly to renounce their allegiance; for *Justice*, ever watchful for the honour of *Truth*, was the inexorable executioner of her laws. *Pride* and *Avarice* therefore found it necessary to engage in their service an artful counsellor named *Dissimulation*, whose peculiar talent was that of making the causes he espoused appear in an opposite point of view from what they were in reality; and as the laws of *Truth* would not admit of the condemnation of any without a fair trial before a jury of her subjects, consequently a great number of those who placed themselves under the protection of this ingenious emissary, evaded the adjudication of punishment, by deceiving their judges.—But though they escaped exemplary disgrace, the greatest exertions of *Dissimulation* could not hide their criminality from the scrutiny of *Truth:* Her power was absolute, and her dominion included the region of *Human Happiness*, from which, by an irrevocable decree, she excluded all who adhered to the rebellious triad, and none were ever known to participate the pleasures of that sacred place, but such whose loyalty was sufficiently evident to *Conscience* who guarded its entrance.

Some however, after having for a time sought an equivalent for the joys of which they were thus deprived, in the bowers of Ease, at the board of Luxury, and in the court of Affluence, being convinced that the expectations of *Pride* were fantastical, the prospects and promises of *Avarice* illusory and fallacious, the intrigues of *Dissimulation* criminal and productive of remorse, were induced to abdicate their defection, submit to the government of *Truth* and practise the precepts of *Virtue*, for which they were restored to the privilege of enjoying *Happiness*. AVIGNOR.

We ought never to trifle with favour: If real, we should hastily seize the advantage; if pretended, avoid the allurement.

SELECTED.

ADVENTURES IN A COFFEE-HOUSE.

As I stepped into a city coffee-house the other day to eat my slice of bread and butter, and take my coffee, I sat myself down immediately opposite a fat figure of a man, who with his hand tucked under his perriwig to support his head, was snoring away in the solidity of sleep, while a dish of coffee stood smoking under his nose, and a plate with butter, and a roll upon it, in vain inviting his mouth. Let not the reader utterly detest me, if I should honestly confess the plain truth: Upon putting my hand into my pocket, I made a certain discovery that rendered it prudent for me to forbear calling for my coffee; so I contented myself with feasting upon the news of the morning. It is a strange thing that Nature will attack a man at the most unseasonable periods. The appetites are sometimes very ill-bred, and will teaze one without either considering time or place. The perusal of a paragraph is a meagre breakfast; and I really own, I could have been very glad of mere animal gratifications. Just at this crisis I cast eye upon the sleeper. Here's a fellow now (said I) fast asleep over his coffee, and if he continues to doze much longer, it will be actually destroyed and good for nothing. Suppose now, I was to do him the good-natured office of taking it off before it is spoiled? I was actually, though involuntarily, proceeding to the cup and plate, when the proprietor of their contents opened upon me a pair of large, somnific, stupid eyes, and called the waiter to take away that cursed cold stuff, for that he could not eat and drink so soon after his nap; he paid for what he did not enjoy, and was going to waddle away. Never was I so tempted in my life to any thing, as to desire he would make a compliment of the said cursed cold stuff to me. While this thought was in motion, an ill-shaped, bandy-legg'd, little, ill looking fellow came to the box, and took out of his pocket a large canvass purse, emptying without any ceremony its golden contents upon the table. I was miserable enough to have all these treasures within five inches of my fingers ends, and yet, though every one of them itched, I dared not extend my hand. I was almost ready to tell these two honest gentlemen, that five guineas would be the making of me for ever; but shame and a knowledge of the world, got the better even of hunger and other soliciting wants; and so

I only bit my nails the harder, and the nearer to the quick, while the fellow was telling the cash. After it was done, the sleeper gathered up about 200*l.* carelessly, gave the purse a twist, and put it with an air of indolence, even while he yawn'd, in his waistcoat pocket; after which, telling the other man that he might go about his business, folded his arms together, and composed himself again to sleep. For the soul of me I could hold no longer; but thinking there might be a feeling heart under all that immensity of fat, I called for half a sheet of paper, and wrote upon it as follows:

'SIR,

'THE gentleman who is now sitting opposite to you, has been witness to your receiving a large sum of money; he has a dear wife, and several children, and is this moment in the most critical situation in which a husband, a father, and a man can possibly be thrown into. I am a stranger, sir, but I am still a fellow-creature; and I can in ten minutes convince you, that I am a man of integrity, honour, and breeding. Will you relieve a whole family, by parting for a short time with a few guineas? I have not the confidence to meet your eye when you wake, therefore I shall fold my hands over my sight, and beg you will wake me, if you comply with my request. If you do not, pray leave me without the confusion of speaking on the subject. Farewell, sir.' *(to be concluded)*

ANECDOTES.

AGESILAUS, seeing a malefactor endure the greatest torments with prodigious constancy, cried out with indignation, 'What an audacious villain is this, that dares employ patience, and magnanimity in such an impious and dishonest cause!'

THE late Frederick was fully sensible of the contagious nature of liberty. He knew that the spirit of freedom was epidemical, and he did not choose to employ his subjects in any way that would put them in the way of catching the disorder. When Dr. Franklin applied to him to lend his assistance to America, Pray doctor (said the old veteran) pray, doctor, what is the object they mean to attain? Liberty, Sire, (replied the philosopher of Philadelphia) liberty! that *freedom* which is the birth-right of man. The king, after a short pause, made this memorable and *kingly* answer: "I was born a prince, I am become a king, and I will not use the power which I possess to the ruin of my own trade. I was born to command, and the people were born to obey."

Poetical Department.

ORIGINAL.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

AH, where are those sensations dear!
Those sweet extatic throbbings where?
  Which sprang from hopeful love?
Why so uncheering blooms the spring?
And why so melancholy sing
  The songsters of the grove?

Haste, Philomela, from the throng,
And learn from me a sadder song,
  Come mourn my hapless fate;
And sing how DELIA false doth prove,
How DELIA will not DAMON love,
  Nor DAMON DELIA hate.

Then shall she hear—she hear? ah no!
I must not, will not stoop thus low,
  A slave to woman's art.
What! shall I still unmanly prove,
Whilst scorn return'd instead of love
  Distracts my amorous heart!

No more with verse I'll strive to move,
A maid who won't return my love,
  With love as warm as mine:
Away despair! my soul disdains
To yield to love's enslaving pains,
  And leagued with thee still pine. THE STRANGER.

ORIGINAL.

LINES written on a blank leaf of a book containing a collection of sacred music, presented to EMMA.

GO book, my EMMA's toilette grace—
  Tho' all thy music's lost to me,
Ask her thy heav'nly notes to trace,
  She can call forth thy melody:
For soon as the piano's keys
  Her softly moving fingers kiss,
My mind a choir of angels sees,
  My soul is ecstacy and bliss. EDWIN.